

# White Album 2 Omake

His God, Her Savior

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# Notes

- No real requirements for reading this story, other than the fact that it covers the brief story that happens shortly after Setsuna approached Kazusa for the first time in "WHITE ALBUM 2 -introductory chapter-".
- There is cover art for this story by Nakamura Takeshi, but unfortunately no raws are available for it at this time.
- In the PS3 version, this story is unlocked by reading *The Snow Melts, And Until The Snow Falls* / 雪が解け、そして雪が降るまで.

# His God, Her Savior

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"H-Hmm..... is that so?"

"Yeah. Well, that's all coming from Takeya."

Within the noise of lunch break in class 3-A, was a voice that was loud enough to reach someone's ears, but quiet enough that no one else could hear.

"In the same class, in the next seat over....."

"Maybe you could call her a bit eccentric? She kinda floats up there in the class, so it's even putting Haruki through quite a bit."

"So the only person she's talked to is Kitahara-kun, huh.....?"

Other girls would feel it was unfair that this girl, named Ogiso Setsuna, would have this kind of beauty with her pondering.

She's known as the two-year streak Miss Houjou School, as well as being the number one school idol. Even though she was an ace with such flashy titles, she also had people who weren't *"so much"* into being jealous of her. In a way, she was such a perfect beautiful girl it was troubling.

"You didn't hear that from Haruki? He's been dragging her along, you know?"

And the one girl in this class who would ward off these feelings other girls had went by the name of Mizusawa Io, all the while facing this perfect, beautiful girl.

She was the only one who could talk with Setsuna, as she hadn't felt anything related to her gender, boasting an appearance that immensely popular amongst the underclassmen.

"No, I haven't heard any gossip like that at all."

"Well, I suppose. You've only known each other for a week."

".....! T-That's not it, I'm just saying Kitahara-kun's not one to talk about his own

personal issues so easily. If he did, he definitely wouldn't be someone I'd work with."

"Heh, you sure know. Even though it's just a week."

"That's..... coming from experience."

"..... and from a week, you've already been baptized into entering that contract society."

What Setsuna heard from him was not gossip, but his boasting.

This was while he looked with such fleeting eyes, it was a bit irritating.

Their current conversation was dominated by an "*eccentric*" person named Touma Kazusa.

Due to "*certain circumstances*", Setsuna came to know of her name when she entered third year. And it was quite possible she'd get involved with her a lot from now on.....

"Well, because she has that kind of personality, she hasn't gotten along with other people since first year....."

Having said that, she did know of her existence since first year.

She'd see her looking through the window of the opposite school building, or she'd see her commuting to school back and forth.

In her memories of her, there was something that really did come up.

After all, she was very attractive.

Her tall figure and long, elegant black hair would capture anyone's attention.

She was completely in a league of her own that no one else could reach.

And there was beauty in the sharpness that came with her long, narrow eyes.

If there was a guy who didn't know her despite being in the same year, it'd be quite possible he had no interest in girls, or that his sense of beauty was strange.

"That's why I think she won't join. Though that's bad news for you guys."

"I wonder..... if she really won't?"

"And if she did, you guys would be worse off. She only brings trouble, you know?"

"I wonder..... if she's really trouble?"

"Well, it's because she doesn't get along with anyone, so it can't be helped."

"I wonder..... if there's really no one?"

She remembered from several days ago having only exchanged two or three words with her for the first time.

Touma Kazusa..... was someone she couldn't see as being arrogant.

Kazusa didn't really speak all that much to the classmates with her at the time, let alone being vulgar. No one there really gave the cold shoulder either, so based on how they reacted they seemed as if they were friends.

Perhaps, thanks to her classmates being there, Kazusa ended up acting differently than usual.

"Oh, so she does have friends. Maybe you can join them, then?"

Well.....

"I wonder... if I can be her friend?"

"Even if you ask me....."

Perhaps it was because her classmates were with Kitahara Haruki..... and because they acted that way, Kazusa ended up acting differently than usual.

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"Seriously, Haruki!?"

"You got Ogiso Setsuna to join your band!?"

"What the hell happened!? Actually, how'd you get her to!?"

"Before that, how the hell did you manage to talk with Ogiso-san in the first place!?"

"Man..... I got some respect for you there. You sure have a way to get your foot in the door while you still did."

"..... okay, could you guys all just let me eat my lunch in peace?"

Within the noise of lunch break in class 3-E, was a voice that was loud enough to break apart someone's eardrums, though not as loud as the surrounding noise itself.

"Well, seriously though that's amazing!"

"This is Ogiso we're talking about! The three-year streak Miss Houjou School!"

"Uhh, voting hasn't finished for third year, you know."

"How did you seriously trick her.....?"

"I'm telling you that's..... actually, I didn't trick her. Don't just speak ill of other people."

Kitahara Haruki always made sure to lecture people even if his words were short, making the male students around him depressed.

Furthermore, this "*making people depressed*" was something his best friend had coined. Haruki disagreed with the term, though he cared more about his friend's incorrect use of the Japanese language far more than what it had meant.

"Having nothing to lose, you just ea~sily asked her and ea~sily got her! Are you saying everyone just gave up from the start?"

"No, no, definitely not."

"Do you know how many dead are out there having tried to confess to her?"

"Uh, not something I'd know."

"Yeah, even I don't know."

"What's that mean?"

"Certainly there's so many dead out there that no one knows. But everyone knows how many vigilant heroes are out there. Zero."

"I'm telling you, what you guys are <sup>suggesting</sup>proposing is completely different....."

For the time being, their current conversation was dominated by *"that Ogiso Setsuna"*, who was named..... well, she just happens to be named Ogiso Setsuna.

Due to *"certain circumstances"*, Haruki came to exchange words with her as he entered third year. And it would appear he'd be involved with her a lot more.....

Just like that, she became a new member of the Light Music Club that Haruki was in.

An impromptu backup band for the school festival in a month, and she'd be the vocalist.

And as word would have it, that vocalist would be a perfect, beautiful girl who was known as an ace with such flashy titles like the two-year streak Miss Houjou School or being the number one school idol.

"Whatever it is, we can't imagine Ogiso agreeing to this right in front of you with a smile."

"Look, that's what she really did....."

Of course, that was a lie.

There was some trouble, some twists and turns, and some unexpected development before Setsuna had agreed to Haruki's request.

But the details surrounding how this came to pass was far different from what rumors spread, so he simply didn't try to explain it.....

After all, the Setsuna that Haruki knows is different from the Ogiso everyone else knew. Even if she tried to live a simple life, society wouldn't allow it and throw all sorts of things on top of it. Thus, he was certainly someone to sympathize with her situation.

"Besides, this isn't any time for me to be all fired up about it."

"Why? Isn't Ogiso singing?"

"You already have it in the bag. You two'll get it when you go on stage, I'm sure."

"Well, if you talk about the vocalist anyway. But if you talk about other members....."

"....."

With those words, Haruki glanced ahead of him to the seat next to the window, where a female student was sleeping.

Having been that way for the entire lesson, save for a certain classmate checking up on her..... indeed, this girl was Touma Kazusa.

An isolated lone wolf that was called eccentric or almost non-existent. Thanks to all that, even everyone else kept their distance from this beautiful girl who was only a burden.

Especially now, as she was clearly infamous for, the faint sound of her sleeping seemed to be interested in just about everything in the noise around her.

..... though, it's thanks to her delinquent words and conduct that she's able to lead people into believing as such.

"....."



Actually, she hadn't slept at all for a while now. Or rather, she never slept to begin with.

Because hearing the name "*Ogiso Setsuna*" from the guys nearby had been pushing every one of her buttons.

Due to "*certain circumstances*", the people she encountered, etc.....

Having said that, at least Kazusa would have noticed her..... actually, it'd be difficult to find someone within this school who didn't know Setsuna's name.

From the window of the opposite school building, commuting to school back and forth..... or rather, she'd be in the middle of any group of people.

Even if she looked away, everyone would glance in the same direction so it was hard for her to avoid people.

A smile she had that everyone spoke highly of.

One of her merits was to clear up and bring about a festive atmosphere.

And that soft cuteness from the slight sensation that her wide-open eyes would give.

If there were someone in the same year, or rather, the same school who didn't have a care in the world for her..... they'd be a pessimist who skipped school, just like Touma Kazusa.

No, that's wrong.

— — *Just who the hell is she?*

After all, right now Kazusa had been driven into a situation where she just had to have interest in Ogiso Setsuna.

She remembered from several days ago having only exchanged two or three words with her for the first time.

Ogiso Setsuna was..... indeed, an idol, as everyone claims.

And as she was famous for in the past, as well as what she bear witness to, she had a cute face, voice, and her attitude and conduct were quite vivid and fresh. It was there that she had been looking for members to join the band.

Just that, the one thing that just happened to be different was how distant she was.

Of course, that wasn't towards Kazusa, but to the members in her band.....

"....."

At that moment, Kazusa's instincts had confirmed she was not someone she'd work out well with.

She was different from her in every way. She was like the sun; bright, and white.

A girl of a righteous, brave valor, who would continue to treat everyone in good fashion.

That straightforward heart of hers, that would reveal her honest feelings toward others.

Which was why to Kazusa, she was the second person this year that she didn't like.

Even though Kazusa wasn't one to have an interest in others, and she didn't have a reason to hate others.....

"Eh, Kazusa? Where are you going?"

".....!"

And the first person Kazusa hated was right in the middle of that group, having called to her as he was observing when she got up to cool off her irritation.

"Lunch is almost over! Don't you want to eat anything?"

"..... class president, do you also pay attention to people's nutrition? That's quite a hassle you have."

"That's not what I mean but, you'll get sleepy if you don't take three meals a day."

"That's right. I'm sleepy, so don't talk to me. It's depressing."

"Touma....."

And, Kazusa faced him, giving him much more of a cold reception than usual.

Though it was obvious that Kazusa would be unreasonable like this, if she didn't distract him like that, things wouldn't get along.

Because, he was the root behind all of the trouble Kazusa's having now.

He took in Setsuna in front of her, who was incompatible in every kind of way.

He been talking so much about Setsuna in such a strange and excited way.

He said that Setsuna would save his band.

He said that Setsuna was his only ally.

Only, Setsuna, he said.....

"? You don't look good. Touma, maybe you're not feeling well.....?"

".....! I-It's nothing, so don't come near me!"

"Ah....."

As Haruki moved to wave his hand at her as he was supposed to be worried, Kazusa left the classroom as if to escape.

Because the way she was thinking made her feel uncomfortable and particularly uneasy.

"Ah....."

The moment she closed the door with a bit of force, Kazusa sighed in an instant.

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"Ah....."

Setsuna gulped and stopped walking, as she was headed for class 3-E.

"....."

"....."

Taking a bit of distance, the two of them caught sight of each other.

——*Touma, san.*

——*Ogiso, Setsuna.*

They were both aware that they were looking at one another, but they weren't aware that their line of sight was actually straight at each other.

Which was why they began walking again in a slow albeit strange manner, thinking they were acting naturally.

Towards, each other.

——*She really is so cool.*

Setsuna had unconsciously compared herself with Kazusa.

She'd always thought she was three centimetres taller than herself, but the classmate in front of her happened to be five centimetres taller.

Kazusa's long, rustling black hair in front of Setsuna was ten centimetres longer, almost like if it'd jump if she let it grow longer.

On top of that, she wished she was maybe one breast size up.....

— *Is this what they call cute, I wonder?*

Kazusa felt indescribably outrageous from seeing Setsuna's conduct.

It was as if Setsuna achieved a perfect, golden balance, compared to how Kazusa was brought up overall.

Setsuna's clear glance upward gave something that would fascinate anyone, compared to the incompetent Kazusa who would scare off anyone with her looks.

And more importantly, as Kazusa learned from a particularly good source, one couldn't measure Setsuna's real charm based on just her appearance.....

However anyone sees it, the way they looked at each other was impolite. Even so, they pretended to remain indifferent.

"....."

"....."

Not even ten seconds had passed. What had passed was ten seconds that felt like ten hours.

The moment they passed each other, for some reason the two of them had a face that felt some sense of defeat.

And while remaining as such, Kazusa went up the stairs at the end of the hallway.....

"..... haah..."

Setsuna put her hand on the door of class E.....

"..... hmm~..."

The instant the two of them would disappear from the hallway.

They'd look around at the last minute, and see that the other wasn't looking at them.

However, that had a bit of a time lag.

It was a chicken race with a winner and loser, regardless of who looked back first and who looked back last.

Even so, because there was no one refereeing to decide who had won, the two started feeling a bit heavy and weary from feeling a sense of defeat for no reason whatsoever.

But they weren't going to keep themselves in such gloomy feelings coming from unknown causes. The two of them murmured at the same time.

"Okay!"

Setsuna faintly tightened the fist she had formed.

"..... okay..."

Kazusa looked out at the window.

——*I'm going to go and talk to her.*

——*I'm going to stop getting involved with those two.*

The two of them kept those small convictions to themselves.